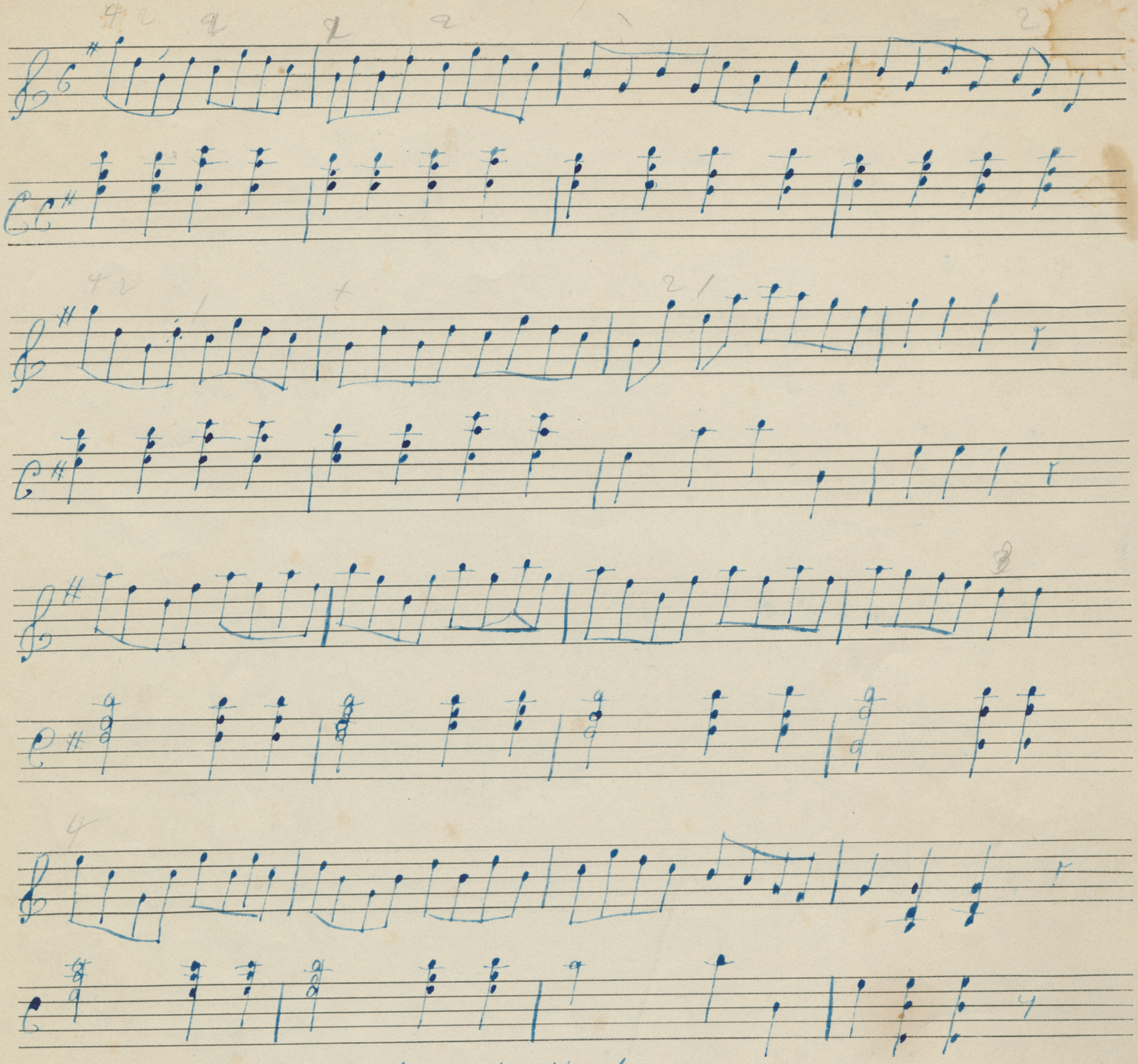
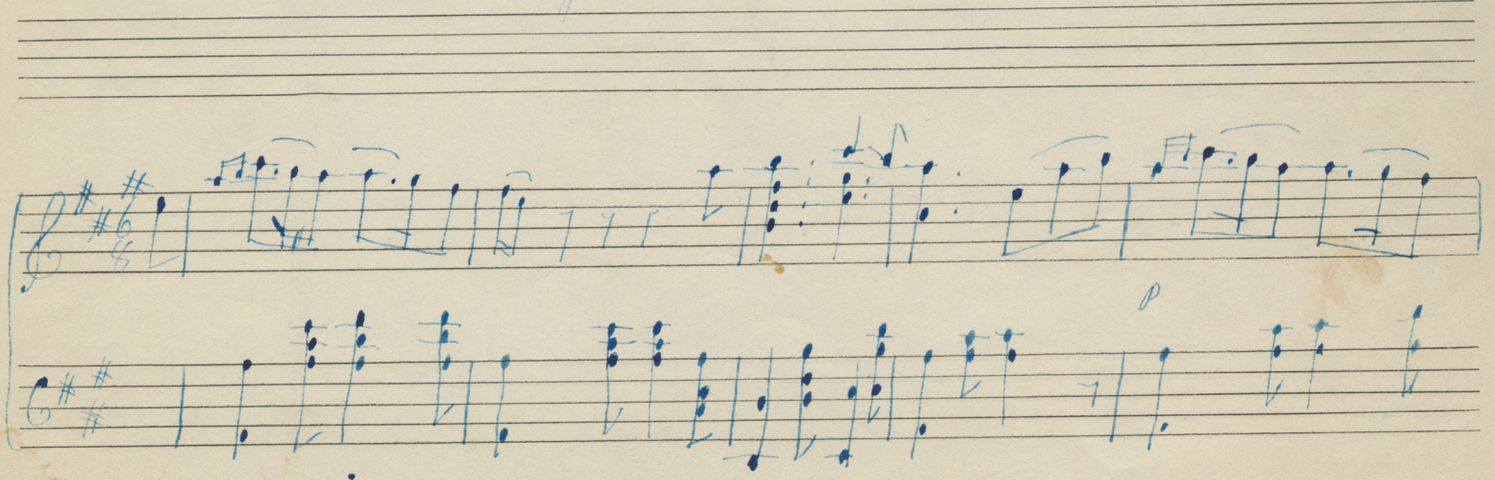
88-067

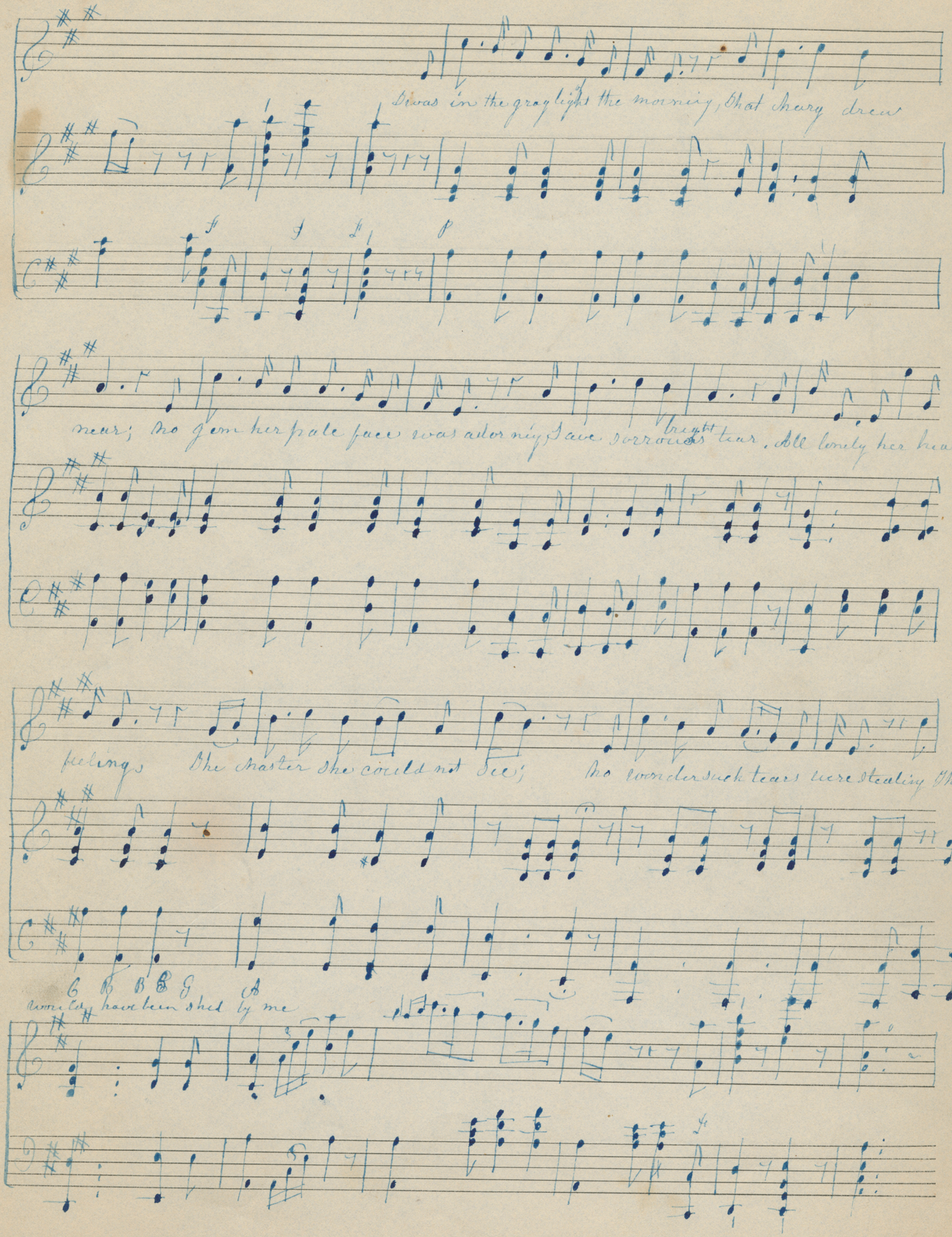
J. Fishers Hornpipe

MUMSS-00026

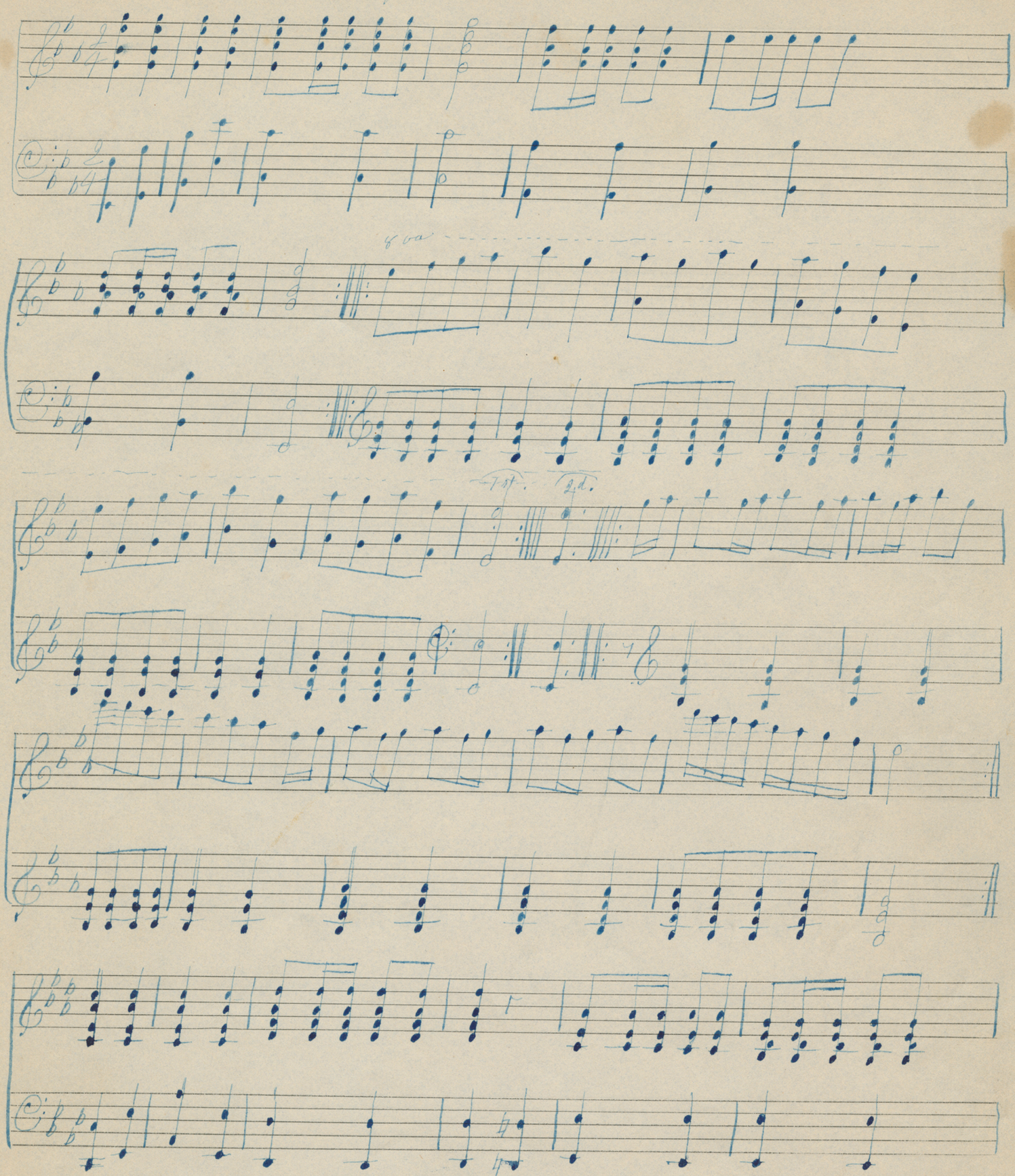


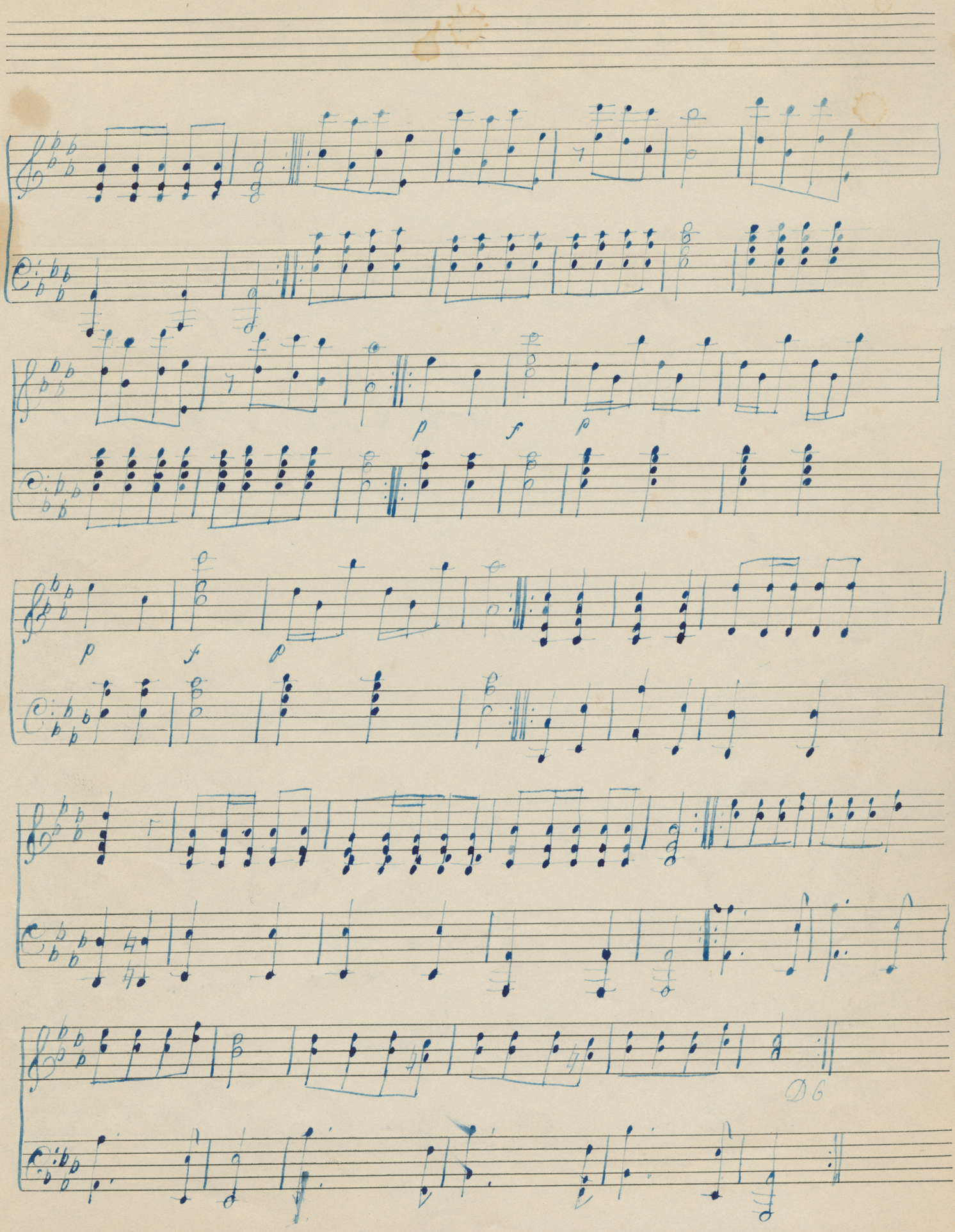
Mary At The Tomb.

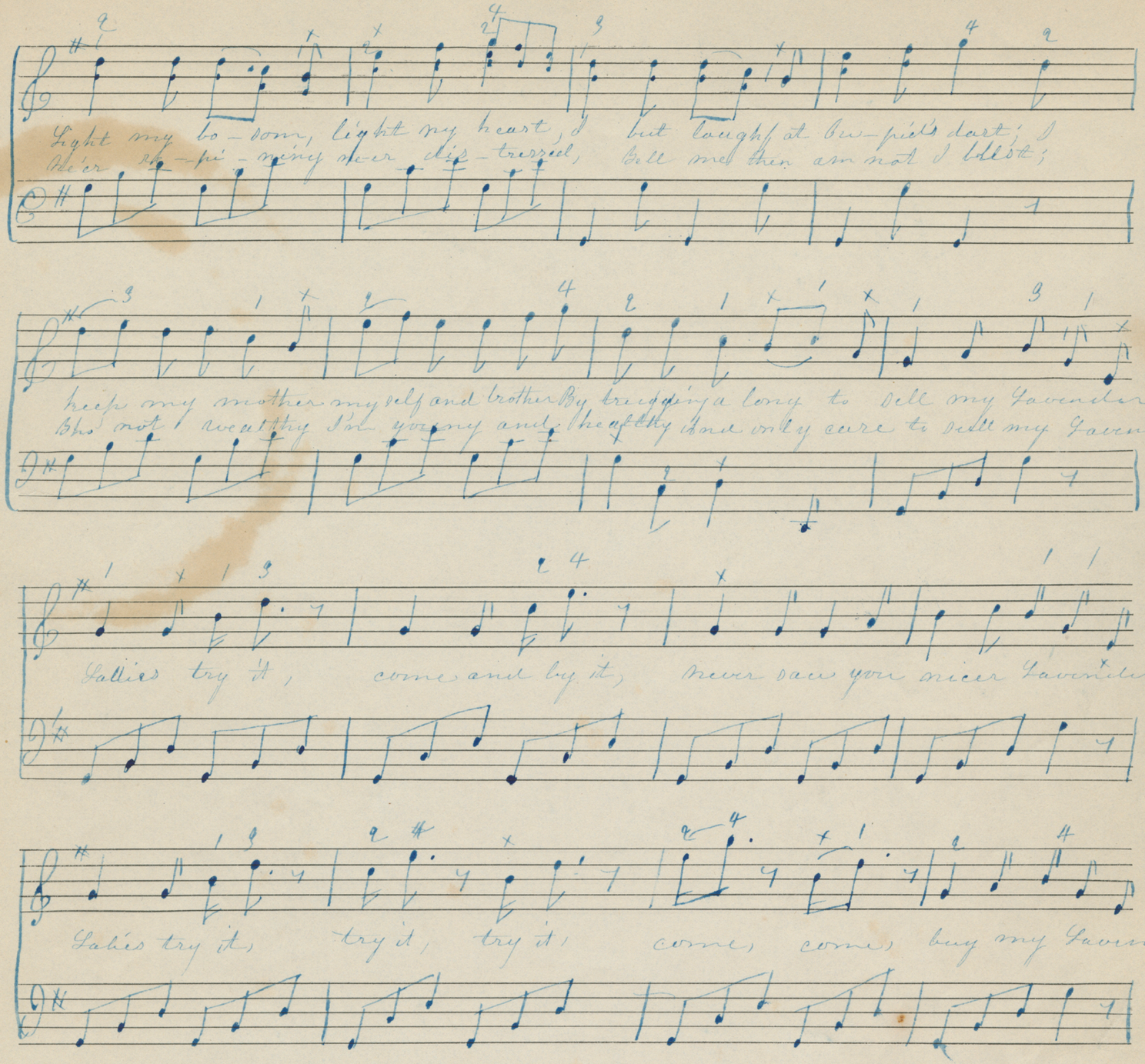



'twas in the gray light the morning, that Mary drew
near; no gem her pale face was adorning save sorrow's bright tear. All lonely her heart was
feeling, the master she could not see; no wonder such tears were stealing they
were only have been shed by me

Agawam Lick Hop




p
f
p
p
f
p
D6


Light my bo-dom, light my heart, / but laughs at cu-pids dart; /
Ne'er rhy-pi-mény never dis-trezzed, / Tell me then am not I blest;
keeps my mother myself and brother By trudging a long to sell my Lavender.
Sho not I wealthy I'm young and sheafthy true only care to sell my Lavender.
Ladies try it, come and buy it, never saw you nicer Lavender
Ladies try it, try it, try it, come, come, buy my Lavender

The Rose of Allandale

Chearfully

p

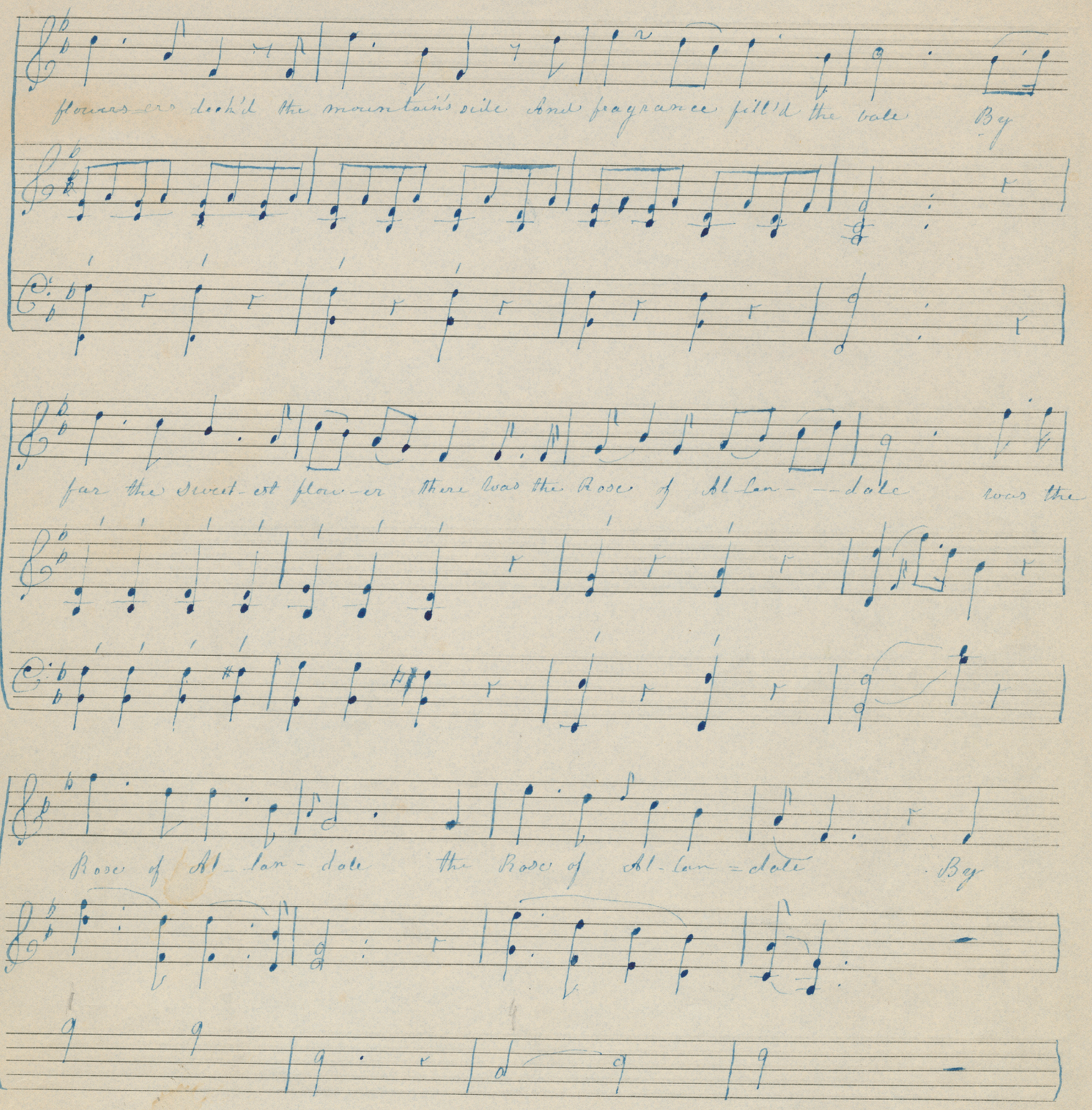
f

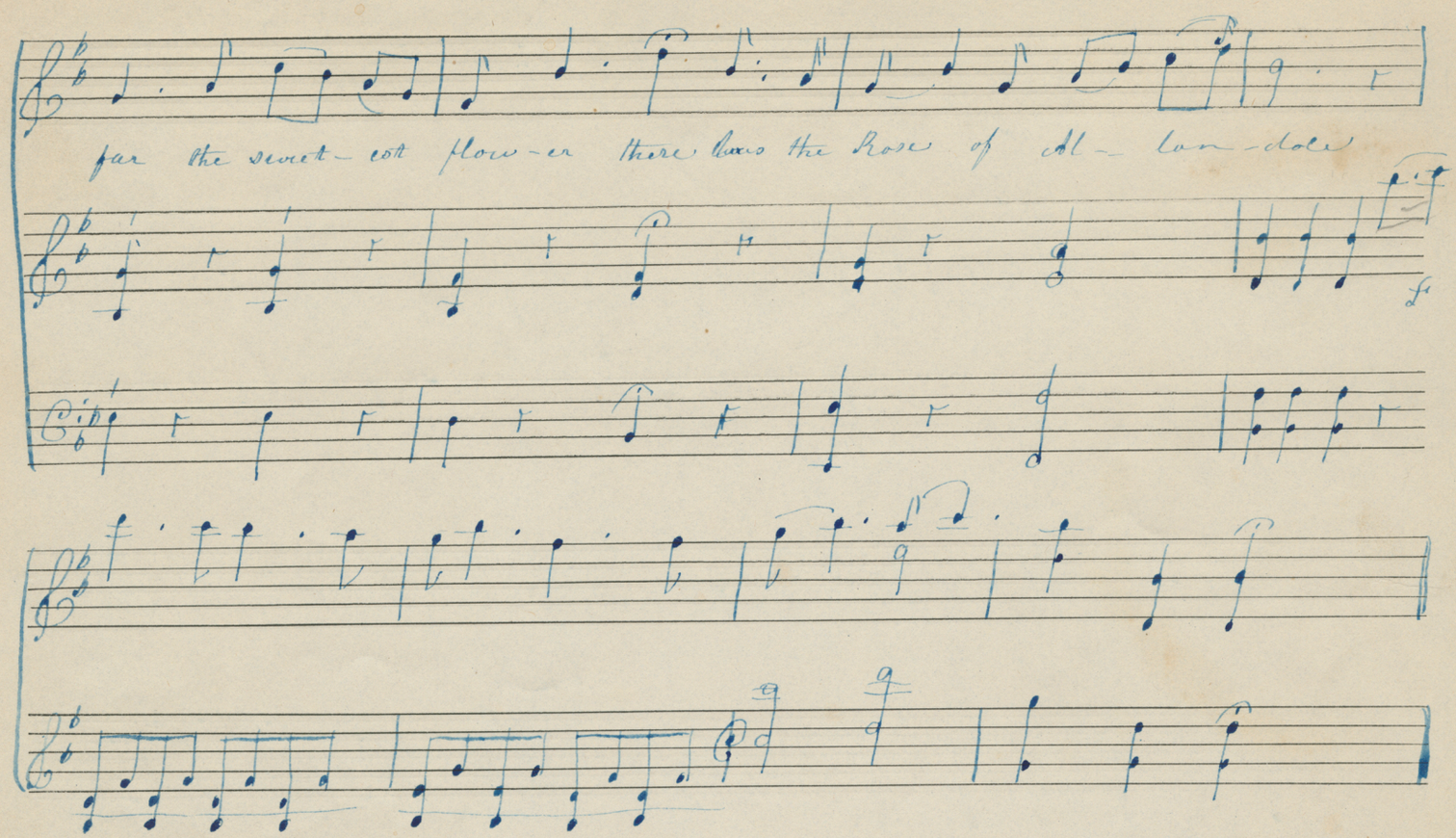
The morn was fair the skies were clear No breath came over the sea, Roben

p staccato

Mary left her High-land cot And wandered forth with me: The

cres

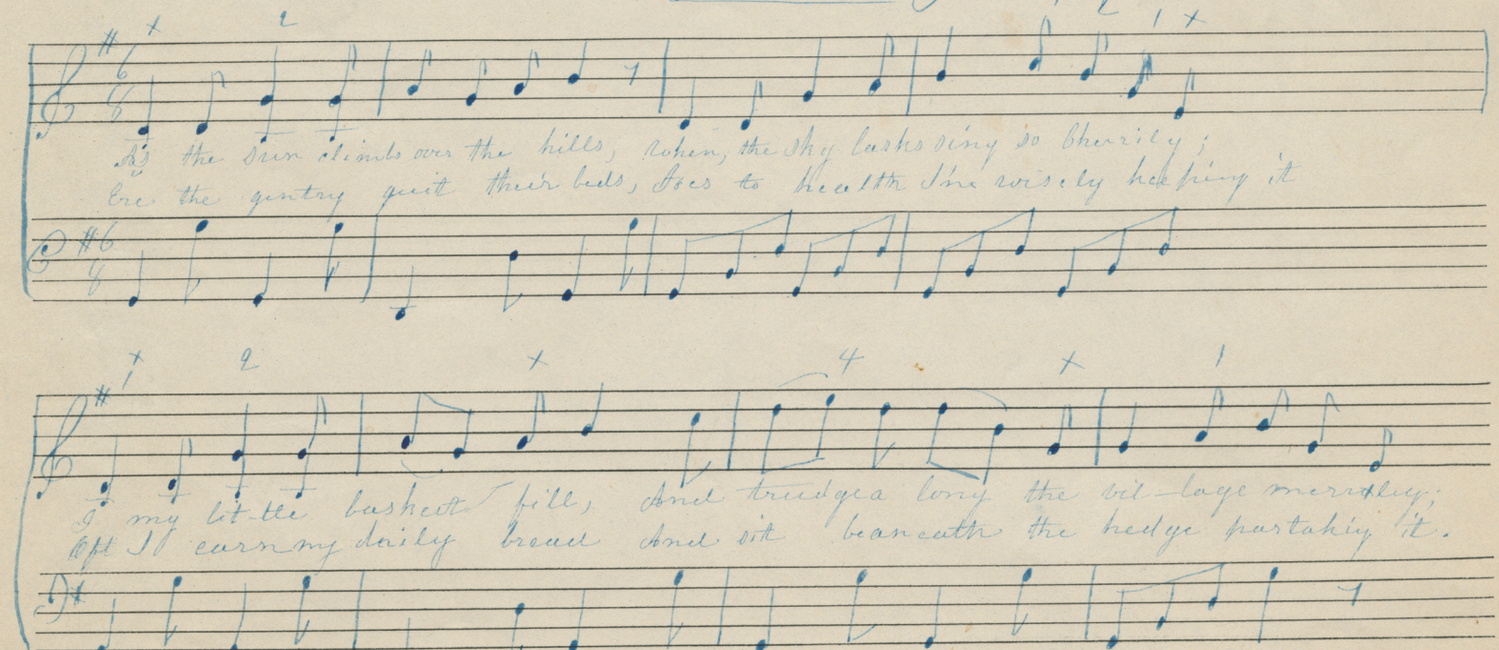

flowers ever deck'd the mountain's side And fragrance fill'd the vale By
far the sweet-est flow-er there was the Rose of Al-lan- -dale was the
Rose of Al-lan-dale the Rose of Al-lan-dale By

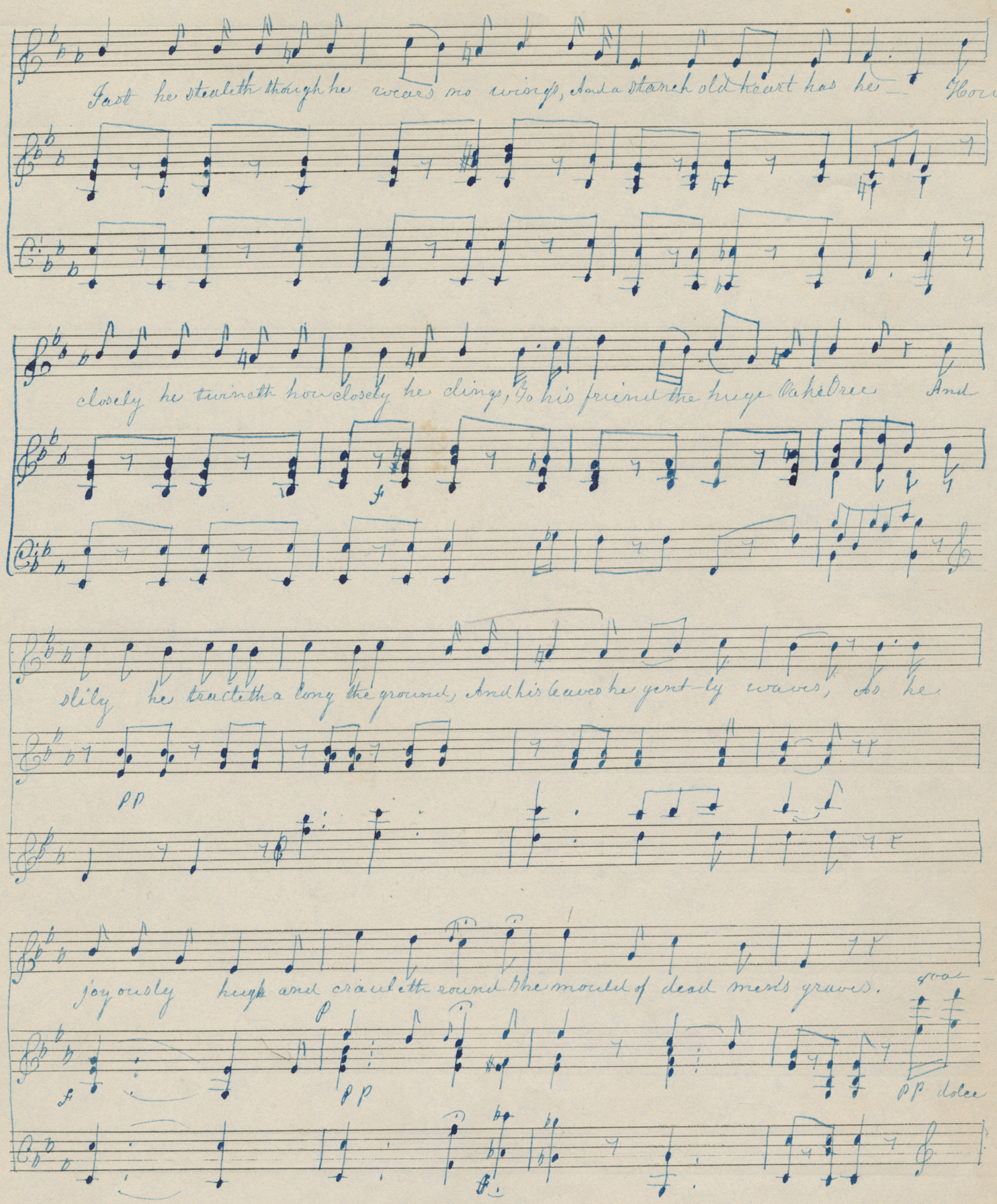


Where'er I wander'd east or west
tho' fate began to lower
A solace still was she to me
In sorrow's lonely hour
When tempests lashed our gallant bark
And rent her shivering sail
One maiden form without a storm
Was the Rose of Allandale &c

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd
On Afric's burning sand
She whisper'd hopes of happiness
And tales of distant land.
Any life had been a wilderness,
On Which by fortunes gale,
Had fate not linked my to hers
The Rose of Allandale &c

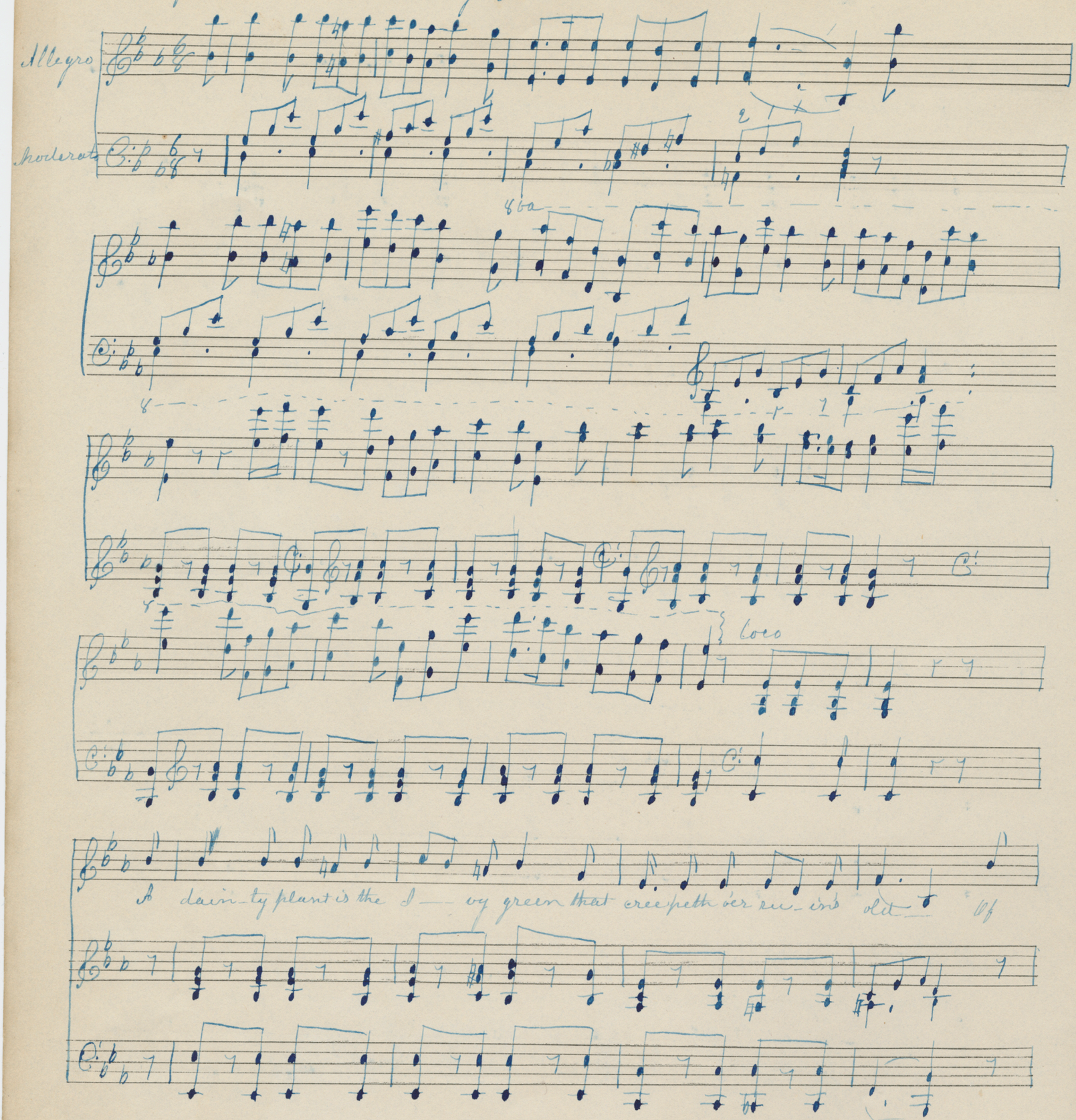
Lavender Girl

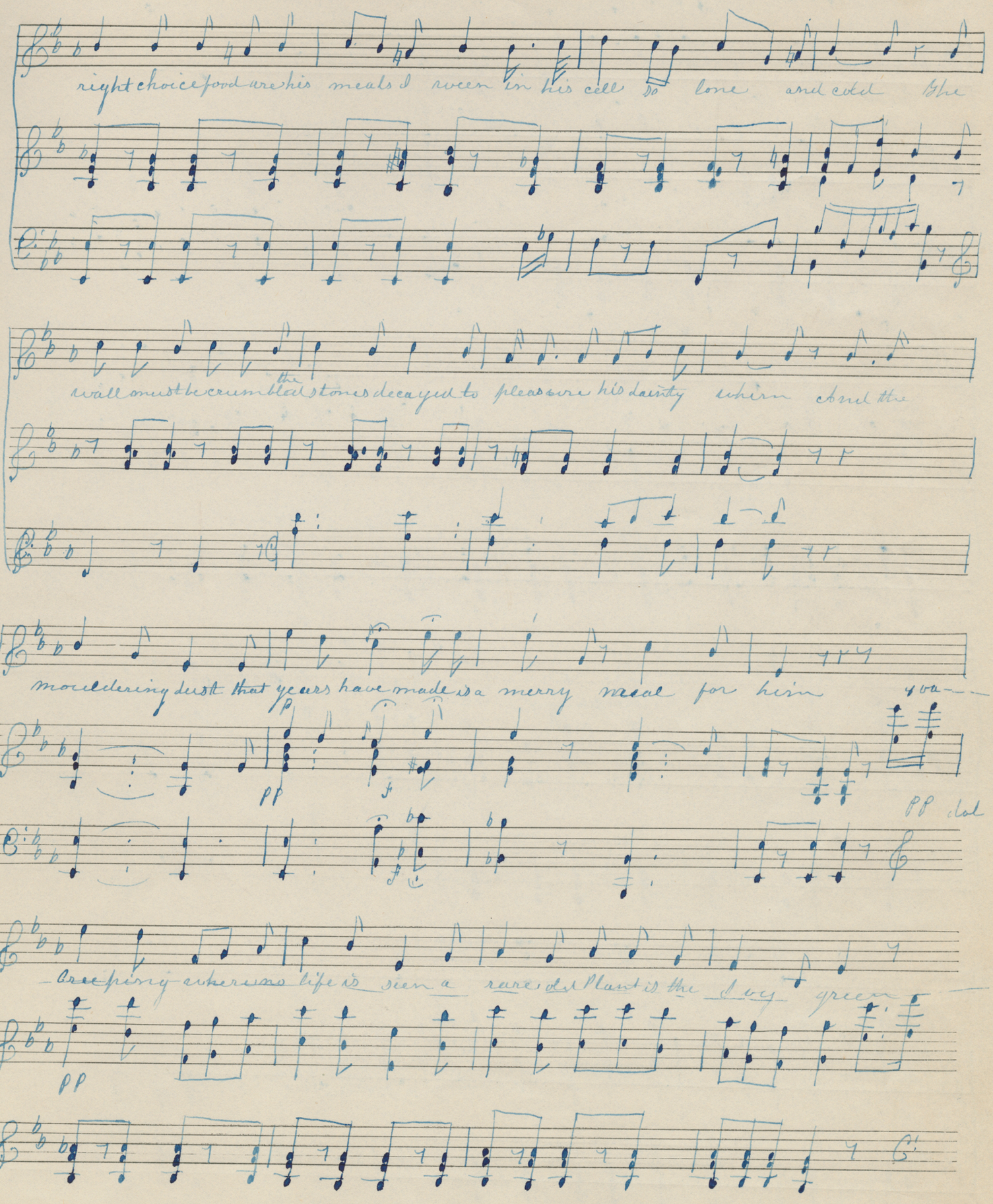


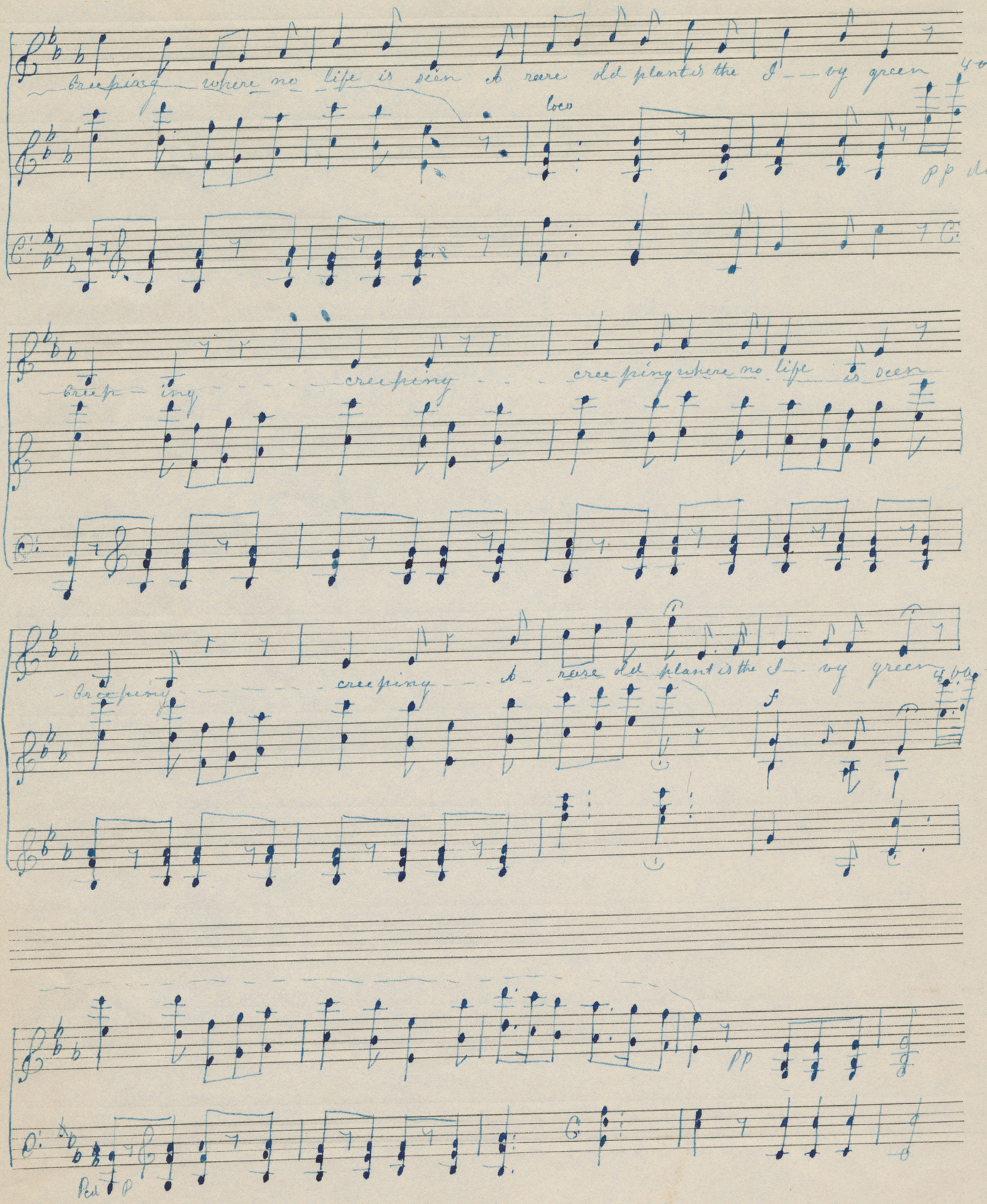

Fast he stealeth though he wears no wings, And a stanch old heart has he — Now
closely he twineth how closely he clings, To his friend the huge Oak Tree And
f
slily he traceth along the ground, And his leaves he sent by waves, So he
pp
joyously hugs and crawleth round The mould of dead men's graves.
f
pp
p
pp dolce

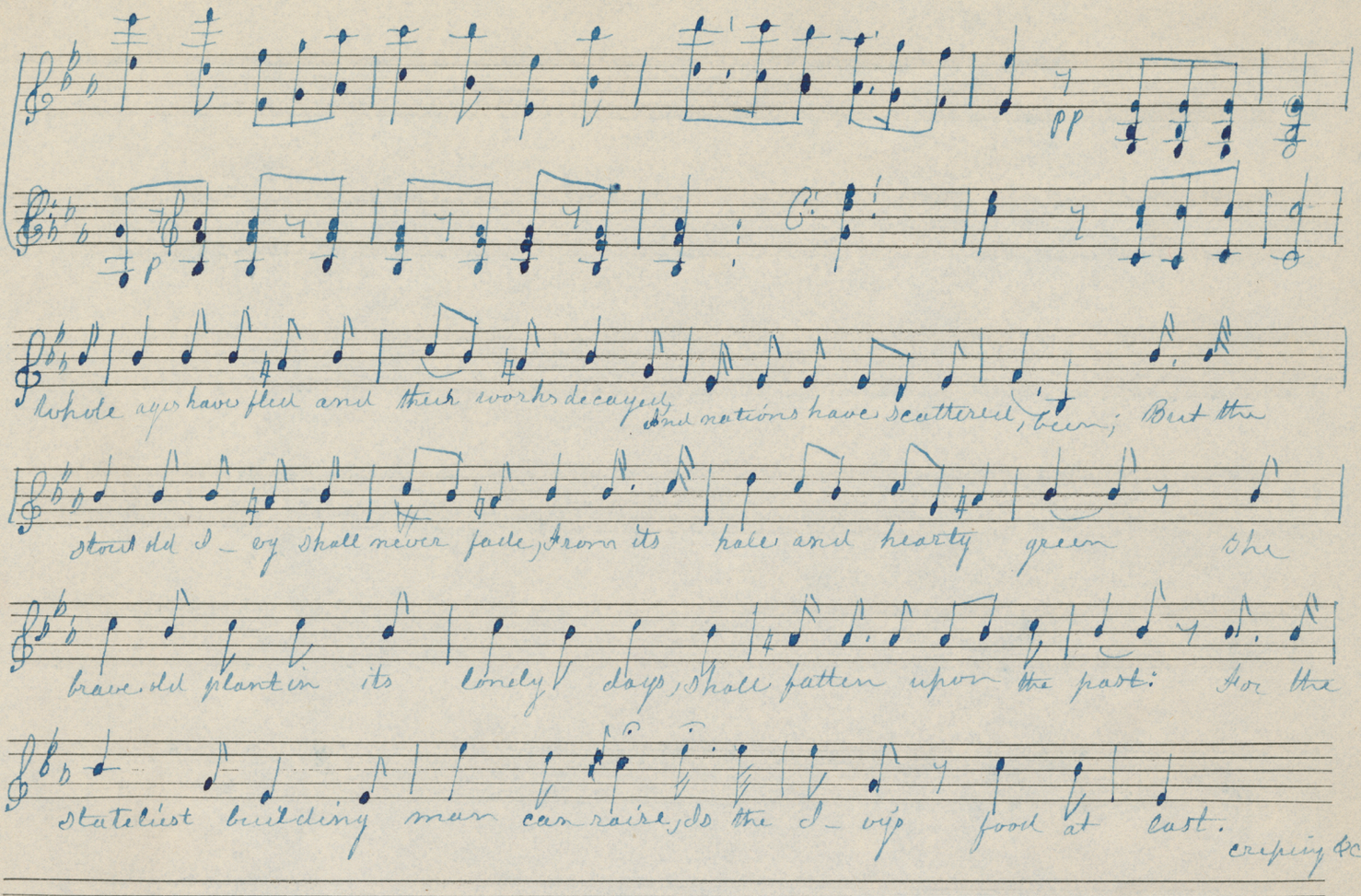
words by "Boz"

The Ivy Green.




right choice food are his meals I ween in his cell so lone and cold The
wall must be crumbled stones decayed to please we his dainty whim And the
mouldering dust that years have made is a merry meal for him
PP
PP
f
8va
PP dol
Creeping creeness life is seen a rare old Plant is the Ivy green
PP


creeping where no life is seen A rare old plant is the I - vy green
loco
pp dol
creeping creeping creeping where no life is seen
creeping creeping A rare old plant is the I - vy green
f
pp
Ped p


pp
p
While ages have fled and their works decayed, And nations have scattered, been;
But the
stout old Oak shall never fade, From its hale and hearty green
The
brave old plant in its lonely days, Shall fatten upon the past:
For the
stateliest building man can raise, Is the Oak's food at last.
crescendo

Remembrance

Andante

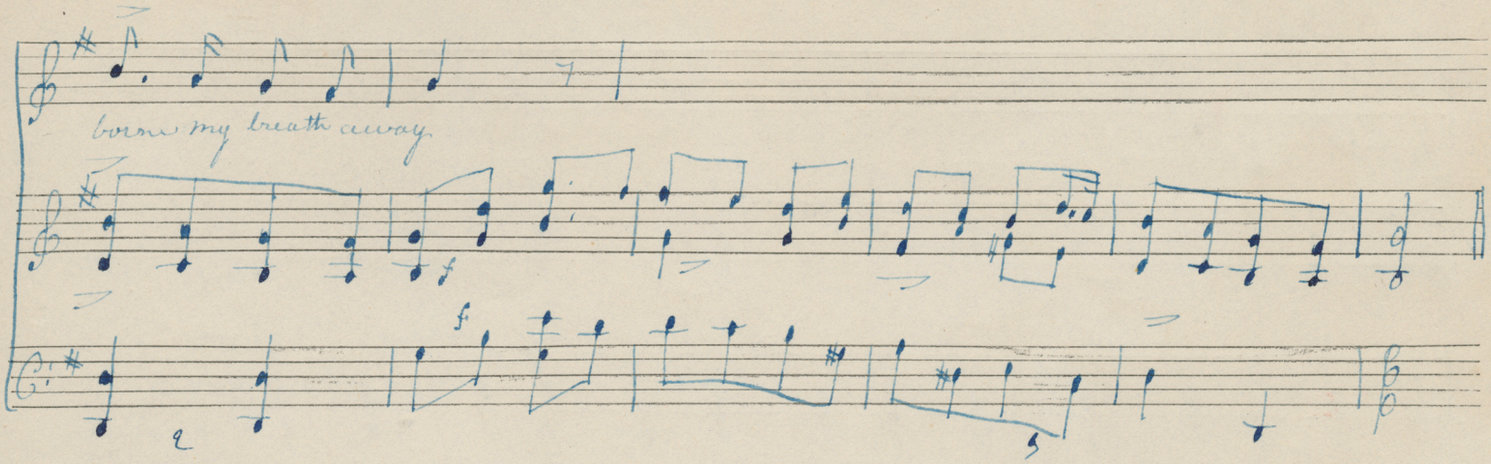
Affettuoso

mf

I remember I remember, The house where I was

born, The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn; He never came a

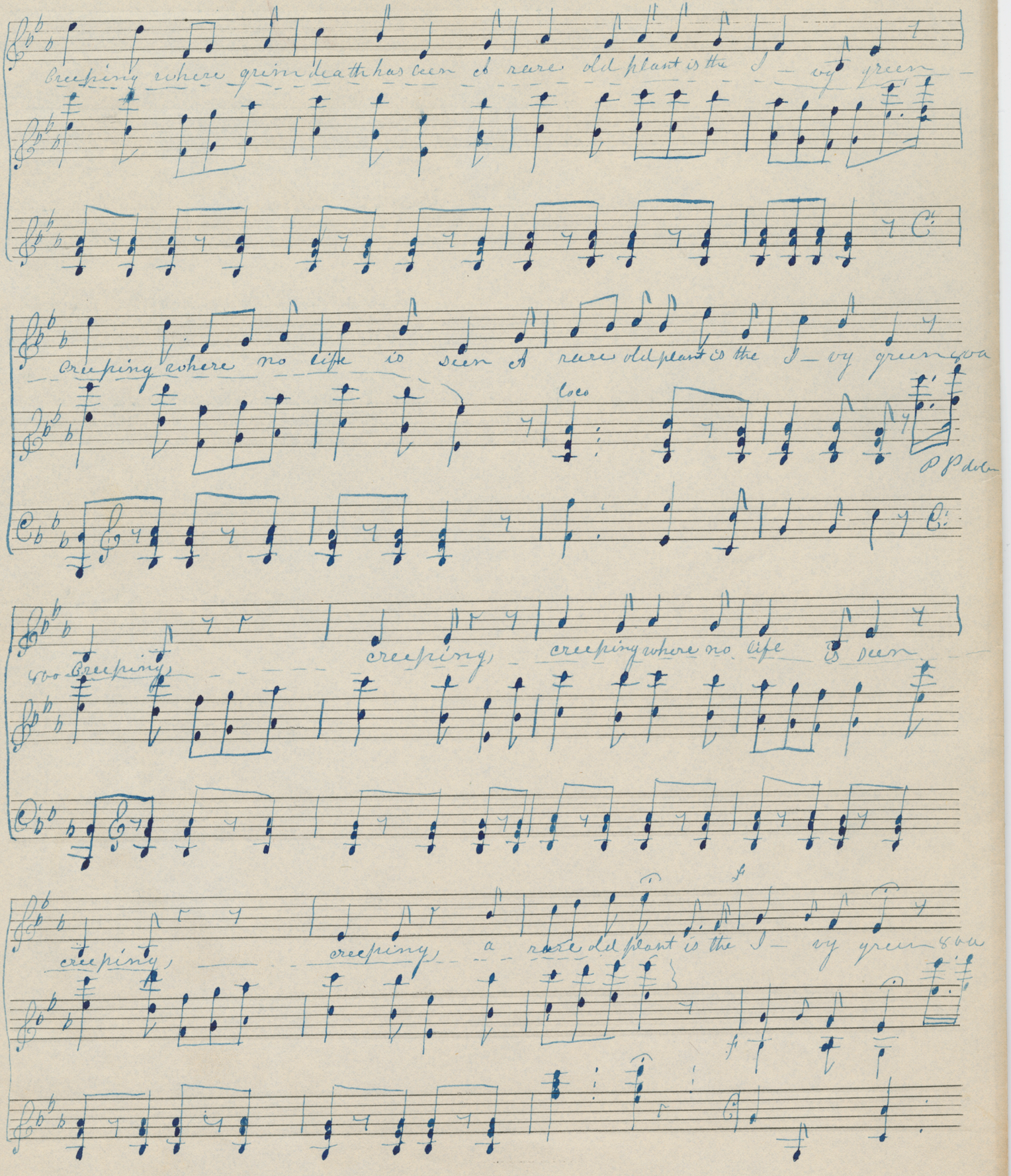
wink too soon, Nor brought too long a day; But now I oft on wish that night, Had

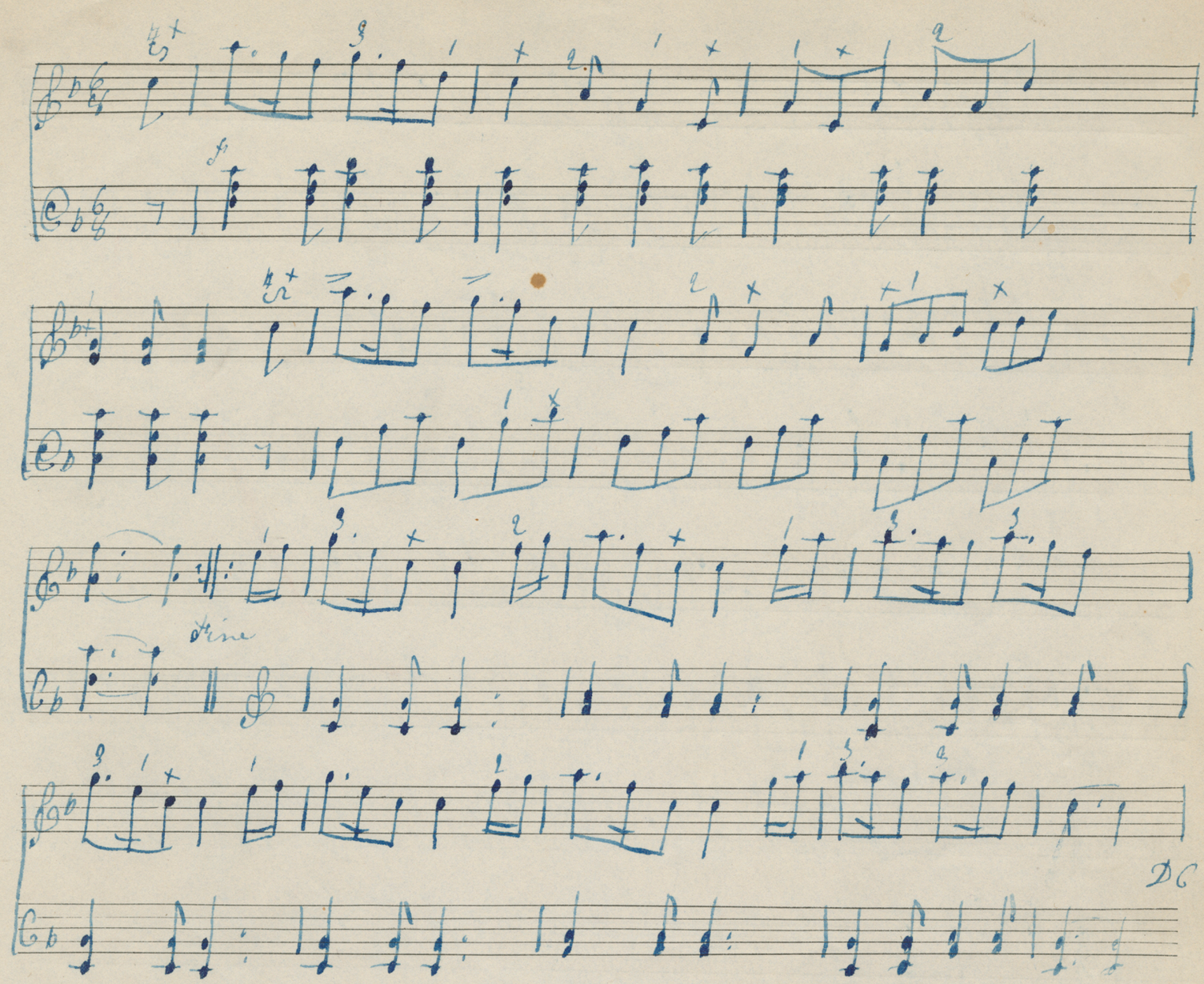


I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs, where the Robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth day,
The tree is living yet!!!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was us'd to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirits flew in feathers then,
That are so heavy now;
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever of my brow.

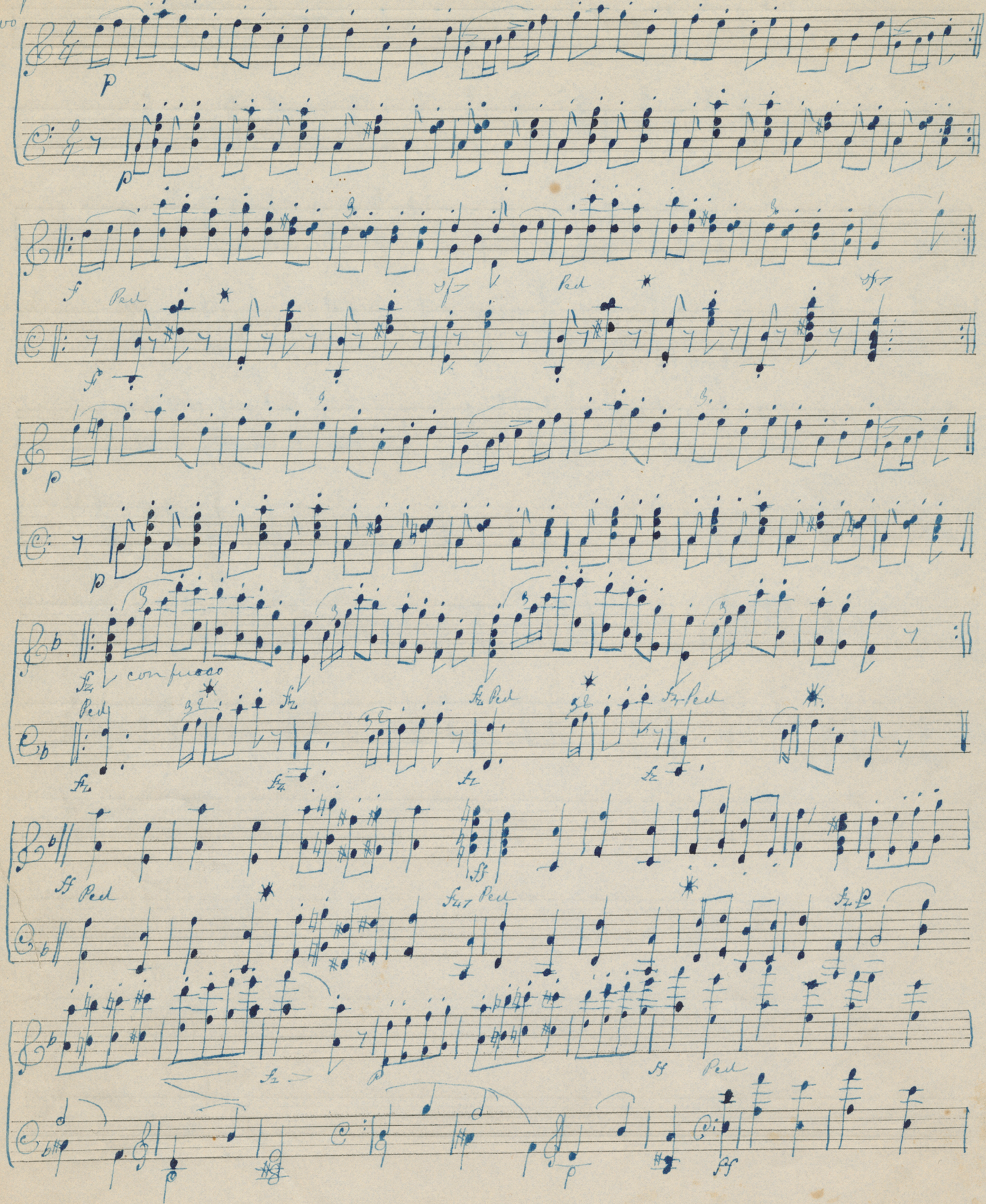
I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high,
I us'ed to think their slender tops,
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

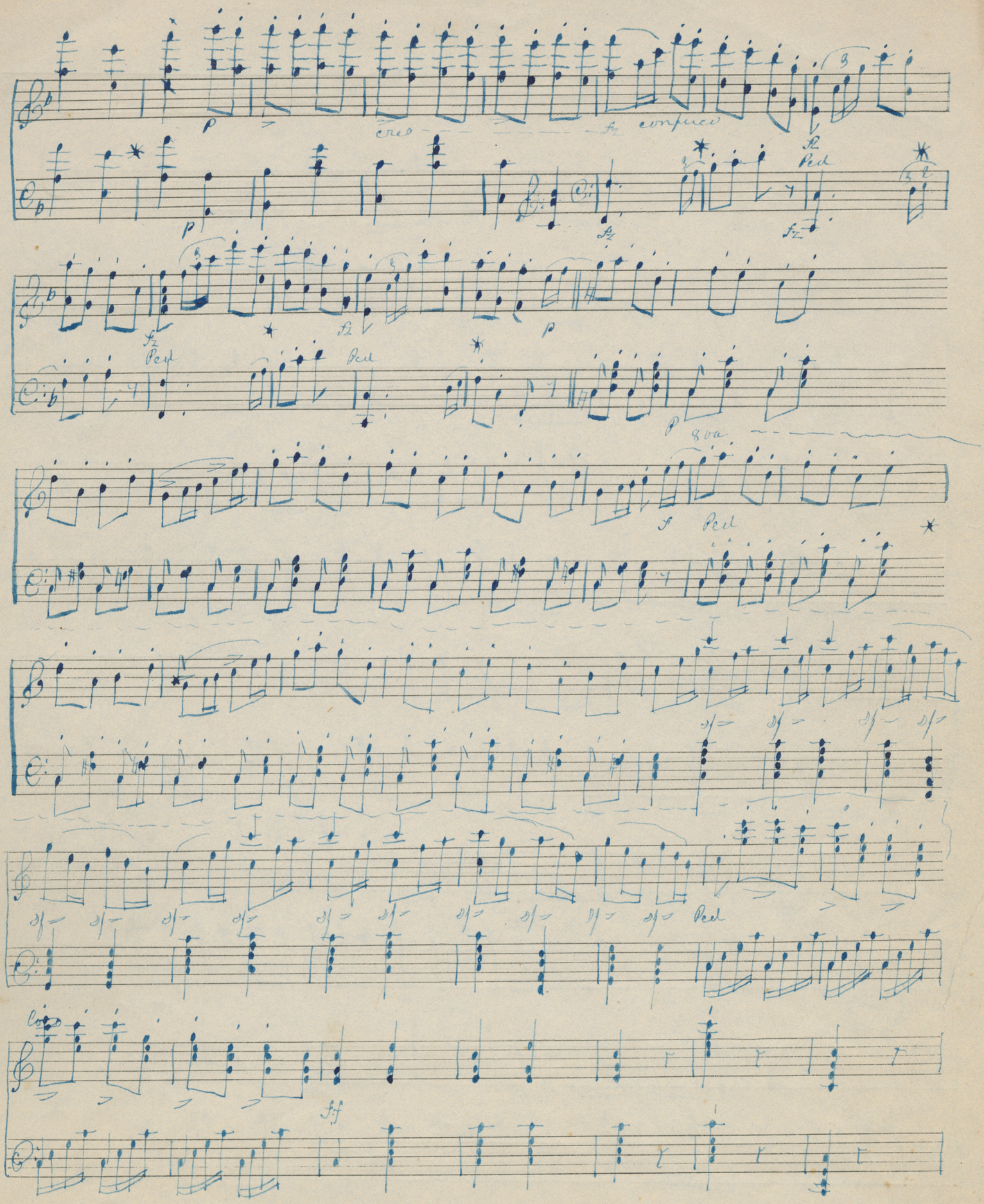
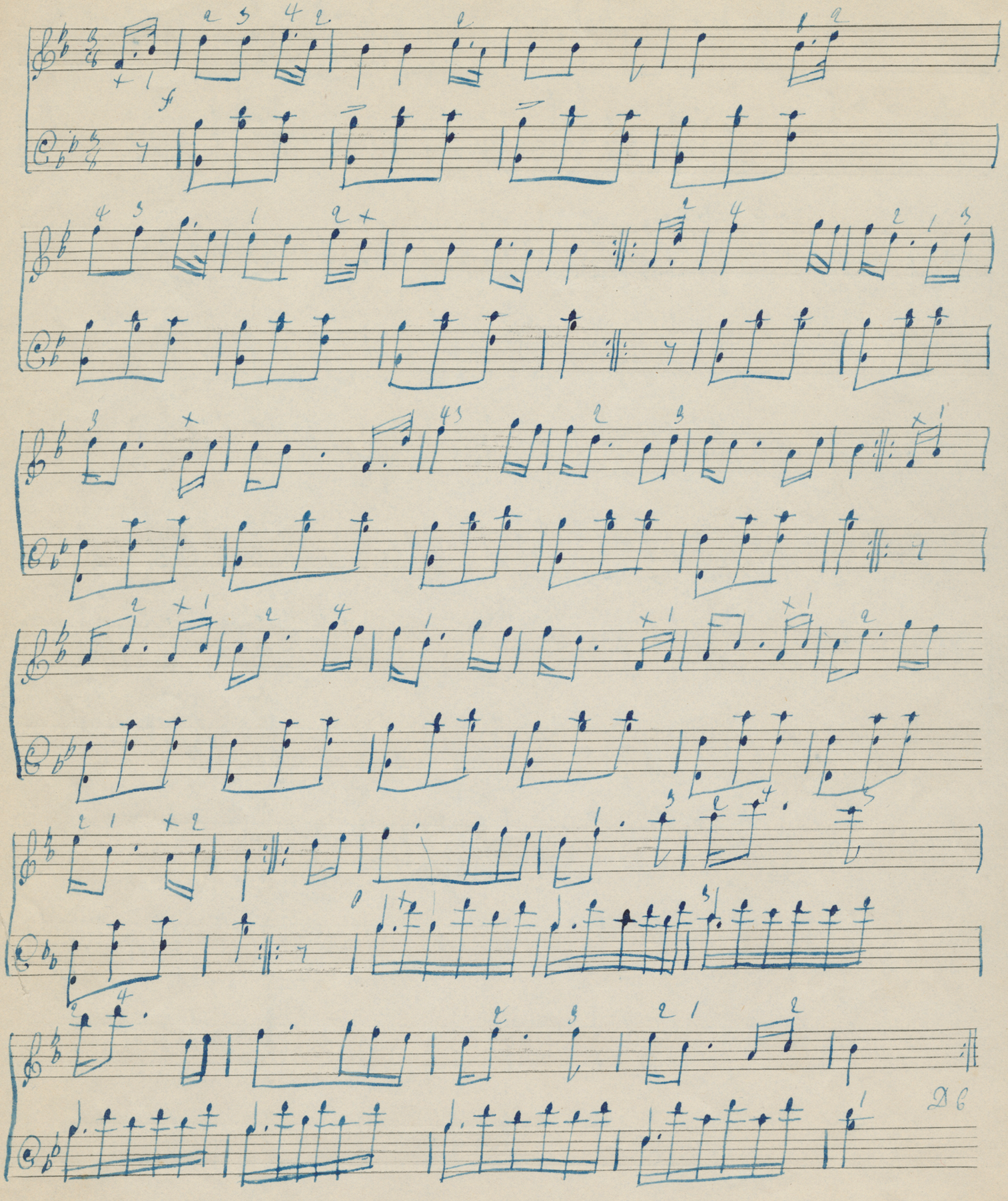

creeping where grim death has been A rare old plant is the I — vy green
creeping where no life is seen A rare old plant is the I — vy green you
loco
p sempre
too Creeping
creeping, creeping where no life is seen
creeping, creeping, a rare old plant is the I — vy green you
f


fine
D.C.

Galop

Allegro vivo




cresc
fz
Ped
8va
loco
f.f

The Brattleboro Waltz